

EDITORIALS AND COMMENT

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Bathing beach rules require women to wear long stockings. The street rules only require half socks.

Folly of Naval Rivalry.

GREAT BRITAIN has just sold 110 warships for £600,000. At present exchange rates, this is under \$2,400,000. They include the Dreadnaught and four other battleships of that type only 15 years old; six cruisers and six light cruisers, eight monitors and 85 torpedo boats and destroyers. Some of these will probably be broken up, but it is conceivable that others may be sold to the smaller powers, or be remodelled for other than fighting uses.

The moral would seem to be the complete assuinity of perpetuating naval rivalry. All can remember what a marvel the Dreadnaught was, only 15 short years ago. It was of a type then best described by its name. Now it is obsolete. It has served about the life service of a good horse. It cost several times the selling price of the 110 ships. A first class navy can find no use for such as it is.

An international tax on the excess cost of battleships would pay the German reparations total, in less than the allotted period. What is the profit? What does it profit a nation to pay out its substance, its economic prosperity for a navy with the vain hope that this, in itself, will prevent war and promote peace, which the people are withheld by fear from enjoying?

Will the ships now on the stocks costing \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 each or more, if the tale of British monsters are true, be junk in 15 years? Is there any more assurance that the floating fortresses of today will survive like rivalry, amplified by subsea and air service, longer than has the Dreadnaught? They, as well as it, may soon be discarded not as a floating fortress, but as floating cemeteries.

If the three great naval powers—no others are in this rivalry—would merely agree to build no more capital ships of greater displacement, and armament than those now nearing completion, this crime of the nations against each other and their own people, would end. With it would end naval obsolescence. Skill and genius might develop the smaller vessels but such improvements would have a certain related value to all marine enterprise. Mere bigness of bulk and guns has no place in national accounting save as waste.

Encouraging Youth.

THAT worthy and reorganized New York magazine, the Dial, announces that \$2,000 will be paid January 1, 1922, and annually thereafter, to a young American writer. The management hastens to add that the money is not a prize and that the Dial is not instituting a competition, a thing regarded as repugnant to art. It hopes simply "to set one young American writer free for 12 months so that he may have the only freedom which counts—the freedom to do what he wants most to do."

The editors of the Dial feel that "while many American writers make handsome livings through their work, others of a more intellectual and therefore less readily apprehended talent cannot appeal to so large audiences." They are thus compelled to spend some of the best years of their lives without recognition and without the means to leave them free to work at their art.

That there should exist in this country a condition by which youthful genius in the field of literature or other arts is submerged in a sort of adolescent purgatory of nonrecognition is not so reprehensible as some would have us think. It is a case of *per aspera ad astra* in writing as in every other worthy walk of life. Furthermore, it is a

healthful sign of progress and peaceful revolution that such submergence should exist. The blossoming novelist or poet but encounters the obstacles placed in his way by heavy custom, an inert affair and one which simply must be hacked through. Herein is a perfect test for the weapons possessed by the aspirant to literary knighthood. But because his medium is one of verbal expression he is wont to give vent to diatribes against the callous world during the battle for recognition and frequently to reminisce upon his vicissitudes after he has "arrived." The devotees of the more taciturn arts and sciences, being unblest with his powers of trenchant speech do not so berate the mundane opponent. In plaint or silence each is following his own nature.

As long as we have the figurative garret and the starving genius, we are progressing. It is only in the decadent period of a nation that the arts and letters flourish unrepressed, being then predigested and harmless. The world fears new presentation in style or thought but accepts calmly anything which becomes form-bound and conventional. Free verse and impressionism must struggle for years while sonnets and landscapes continue to find the open door.

The Dial is doing a good thing. Unlimited extension of such a policy, however, would be as dangerous to American literature as was the patronage system of England two centuries ago, which only the fertility of British writing genius overcame. No such extension is to be dreaded, it may be confidently predicted.

There is a "Mr. Herbert Hoover Strasse" in Steyr, Austria. It did not get this name through the mailed fist, nor false promises, and it will at least remain named through the present generation of the inhabitants.

Chairman Stone, of the B. L. T., has been voted a salary of \$25,000. He is worth it, but so are the managers of the railroads who have to compete with him for the right to operate the railroads.

Postmaster General Hays should pass along to his successor as chairman of the republican national committee the human touch that will raise that \$1,500,000 deficit.

California calls liquor made from raisins, "jackass brandy." In New England, the stuff made from cider and mothered by raisins and molasses is probably known as "pacy derm rum."

There was a time when it was the job of an ambassador to listen in, not to talk out.

Chicago's Skyscraper Cathedral.

WILL the planned Methodist skyscraper-cathedral of Chicago, mark a blazon on the path of a new American architecture? Those who vision an American Renaissance will hope so. Originality in the more decorative forms of architecture has, with us, approached the unknown quantity. Our public buildings are usually Greek and our churches Gothic. Our homes are colonial, early English, Spanish or French.

The scraper looms forth alone, a window-punctured, overgrown packing box as our contribution to the noble art of architecture. But in very late years the office-cliff has been budding occasionally with towers and ornaments. The Woolworth tower will hardly bear comparison with the Campanile, but it is a gracious break in the New York skyline, a sort of architectural bow of promise shadowing forth the virile art of a young people and the rebirth here in America of the ancient pride in fine craftsmanship.

Especially dwarfed have been the churches in office building sections. Their slender spires have reached pitifully a half or third of the way up the sides of the temples of commerce. Downtown churches in the big cities always seem, somehow, as ancient and almost as out-of-date as the altars of the Druids.

But now we hear that this great cathedral of many stories, topped with a mighty tower, is to rise over downtown Chicago. In the tower will be hung huge chimes whose clear notes will pierce the roar of traffic and, we hope, even recall some of "Chi's" famed criminal population to the "straight and narrow." The thought of a cathedral dominating the Loop buildingscape is very pleasant and Chicago, itself, will doubtless welcome this token of the vital development of American art and the resurgence of the church.

Guests Who Pay.

IN 1920, a single year, over 252,000,000 persons entered and left New York city by railroad. How many more came and went by vessel is not known. If they stayed in the city but one day, they formed an average increase in population of over 400,000. Since most of them stayed much longer, this per diem increment was probably close to 1,000,000 or between a fifth and sixth of the resident population.

Occasionally some one from that city of renunciation complains that it has to pay so large a part of the national tax budget. But what it pays as taxes is hardly comparable to what these millions from the provinces contribute to its ability to pay. Nor is it a small matter that these same guests are largely buyers of goods, or investors through New York firms, or represent those whose money stuffs the New York banks.

Incidentally the males of their kind, who form the major part of these millions come from the arid regions. They often have the conservation proclivities of the camel, along with the money to put them in application. No one need have further cause for wonderment that even the most staid, virtuous and upright of the New York press, vie with each other in opposing the enforcement of the Volstead act, showering it with ridicule and begging for a loosening of its provisions.

New York is a splendid city, the pride of all Americans and full of admirable citizens. The way in which New York, its men of wealth and its financiers respond to a national emergency, marks them as fine Americans worthy of our pride. But New York is human and its every-day human nature is not devoted to altruism nor to letting go.

Simply a Boxing Match.

IT dignifies the forthcoming Dempsey-Carpentier combat beyond all reason to consider it in any light save that of pugilism. Neither of the two men is setting up to be anything more than an expert gladiator and as expert gladiators they furnish a not unworthy spectacle, so long as the vast majority of people approve the arena and its sights.

Carpentier has not come to this country to punish Dempsey for his alleged evasion of army service during the world war. Dempsey is not setting up to be the palladium of the shipyard workers. Neither has uttered a word concerning any aspect of the fracas save that from which it gains its primary interest, i. e., the matching of man against man, an institution possessed of tremendous venerableness if little virtue.

This prize fight is not even international since it will not settle the worth of two systems of boxing. Carpentier's most important fights have been with English and American pugilists and his style is really that of an American. The Jersey City affair will possess no iota of the interracial interest bound to be evoked by a match between white and black, for instance.

The public seems curiously tangled in its perceptions of the Dempsey-Carpentier trial. It is apparently incapable of reducing the affair by analysis to prime factors. It insists upon investing Carpentier with the righteousness of the crusader and would regard Dempsey as a creature somewhat furtive, one resting beneath the knowledge that retribution for past sins is about to descend upon him. It is fond of characterizing the proponents as the soldier and the shipyard slacker. Having settled the question of right and wrong to its own satisfaction it proceeds to the ancient principle that right must triumph. Ergo, good night to Dempsey.

Had the Frenchman announced that he came as the champion of the veteran and patriot, there might be grounds for formulation of such a proposition and correspondingly if one could logically believe that Dempsey does feel a sense of shame for not having answered the call to the colors, one might with some reason look for a Carpentier victory.

But Carpentier is now only a fighter and Dempsey never has been anything else. It is doubtful whether so abstract a quality as patriotism is included in his very material make-up. It is doubtful whether such a person as Dempsey could ever rightly be accused of slacking, since this implies conscious evasion. They are simply two highly-trained machines of punishment and endurance. The better machine, barring unforeseen accident, is bound to triumph. Which is the better is a matter for experts to debate and July 2 to decide.